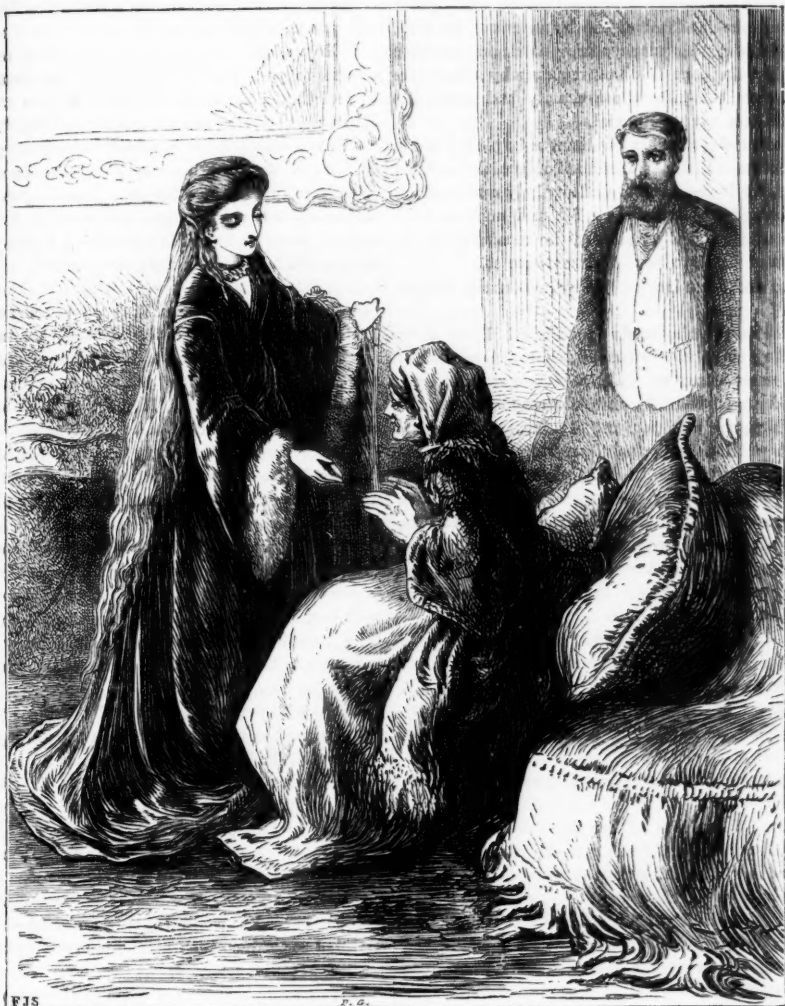


THE QUIVER

Saturday, June 17, 1871.



"A sight which held him rooted to the spot"—p. 579.

TRIED.

BY F. M. F. SKENE, AUTHOR OF "A STORY OF VIONVILLE."

CHAPTER XXIV.

ROBERT CLIVE had been laid in the grave; he who had thought of death, only in connection with the glorious tomb he expected to have in the Poet's Corner at Westminster Abbey, where his name was to live for evermore, and give him the spurious immortality for which alone his undying spirit had toiled and striven—he who had sought, in his inordinate ambition, to make even that last

penalty which is the wages of sin, minister to his vanity, was laid in an obscure corner of the public cemetery; and instead of the train of illustrious mourners he used to picture to himself, doing homage to his fame at a splendid funeral, he was followed to his last resting-place only by Miss Bathurst's servant, whom she had sent to see that all was rightly done, and the landlord of the house where he died, who paid him this mark of respect from no other motive but the hope of obtaining thereby some more money, from the lady whose charity had saved his lodger from a pauper's burial.

May ordered a simple monument to be placed on his grave, to mark the spot, inscribed only with his name and age, for it was hard to find any holy words which could be applicable to such a life and such a death as that of Robert Clive; truly the most fitting inscription would have been that sentence so full of significance and stern irony: "Why are dust and ashes proud?"

Dr. Fleming absolutely prohibited Irene from attempting to go to the funeral, as such a revival of painful associations would have been certain to have produced a relapse in the state of nervous excitement from which she was now rapidly recovering, and it was not until a few days after it had taken place that he allowed her to come down-stairs. Mrs. Leigh tended her with the utmost care during this period, growing daily more and more attached to the young girl, whose exceeding sweetness and gentleness were most winning, and whose earnest gratitude and deep appreciation of the kindness shown to her, touched the hearts of all who came near her.

May saw her constantly, and thoroughly enjoyed the caressing love and undisguised admiration Irene always manifested towards her, but she left the actual duty of nursing her to her aunt, as Dr. Fleming had arranged, and she herself gave most of her time, when not with Sydney, to the old Athenian woman, who was a source of great amusement to her.

May had taken one of her impetuous fancies to learn modern Greek, and she gave Xanthi abundance of occupation in teaching her; but the old nurse was delighted to do anything for the lady who had been so wonderfully kind to her young mistress, and she became quite as enthusiastic as May herself, in the effort to make her master the soft musical language of her native land.

For hours together Xanthi would sit at Miss Bathurst's feet, patiently naming everything within reach and making her pupil repeat the Greek words after her. May's quick intelligence and determination to learn enabled her to make far more rapid progress than could have been expected, but sometimes the old woman would give way to uncontrollable merriment, at the uncouth pronunciation with which the English lady tried to imitate the sounds so familiar to herself; and Mrs. Leigh loved to see the sunny

smile which would light up Irene's charming face, when she heard those peals of laughter proceeding from the next room where the lessons were carried on.

"Dear old Xanthi," she would say, clasping her little hands in thankfulness, "I do not think she has laughed for a whole year until now."

"And you will soon begin to laugh too, dear child, will you not?—you are really happy here, I trust."

"Oh yes, so happy!—if only you will make me of use to you, dearest Mrs. Leigh. I cannot bear to feel that I am such a burden to you and Miss Bathurst, receiving all and giving nothing."

"You are no burden, my child, but a great pleasure to both of us, and whenever you are quite well you shall have plenty to do for me. I mean you to read to me and write my letters, and we shall live in the country after we leave May, and then I hope you will help me to take care of my poor people."

Irene's eyes would sparkle with delight at such speeches as this, and then May would come running in full of glee, to repeat some sentence in Greek she had just learnt, and Irene would answer her in the same language, with such soft accents and such delicate intonation, that Mrs. Leigh used to say it was like hearing a strain of beautiful music.

So the days passed very happily, till the new inmates had been more than a fortnight in the house, and at the end of that time, Sydney Leigh had not yet looked upon the face of Irene Clive.

After the first week, she had been well enough to come down-stairs, but Mrs. Leigh had a sitting-room of her own, where Irene generally spent the morning with her, and in the evening, when they both joined Miss Bathurst in the drawing-room, Sydney had as yet always been absent at some of his numerous dinner-parties.

May had been rather glad to let him see that his fears as to Miss Clive's presence in the house proving undesirable, had really been quite chimerical, and she trusted to some chance meeting taking place between them, which should finally remove all his prejudices against her new-found friend.

At length there came a day and an hour when Sydney Leigh and Irene Clive did meet face to face, but even the most superficial observer could hardly have attributed to a blind chance an event which was destined to produce such momentous consequences in the lives of all concerned.

One morning Sydney had come to Grosvenor Place rather earlier than usual, and Mrs. Leigh and May, who did not expect him so soon, had not yet returned from an early walk they had taken, to see some poor person whom Miss Bathurst had heard of, as being ill and in want.

Sydney went through both the drawing-rooms, looking for May, and not finding her, he concluded she must be with Mrs. Leigh in her sitting-room. He therefore went towards the door, which stood half open, and was just going to walk in, when suddenly

his eyes were met by a sight which held him rooted to the spot, in overwhelming surprise and admiration. Before him, the artist, the painter, whose whole being thrilled responsive to every line of beauty wherever it appealed to him, in waving branch or flower, or sunset glow, was now presented, framed, as it were, by the doorway at which he stood, the most exquisitely beautiful picture he had ever seen, or even imagined.

Irene Clive stood by the side of the Greek nurse, who was seated on an ottoman in the centre of the room, and slightly stooping towards her, was showing her with the most radiant delight the silver Icon, which it had cost her so much to part with as the last relic of her mother, and which May had redeemed from the pawnbroker's shop, the moment she heard of its existence. Xanthi, wearing as usual her picturesque costume, was looking up eagerly into her young mistress's face, her black eyes and sun-browned face contrasting admirably with the snow-white purity of Irene's complexion, which in this moment of special enjoyment, was relieved by a colour in her cheeks, soft and delicate, as if they had caught the reflection from a blush rose.

May Bathurst had taken care that Irene should be provided with mourning for her father, as good in material as she would have worn herself, but she could not resist the temptation of retaining to a certain extent the Oriental style of dress, which was so strikingly becoming to the lovely Greek girl. Thus Irene still wore the white under garment fastened at the throat, and with the long hanging sleeves veiling her hands, but now it was formed of white crape, and her rich black silk dress was made in the same fashion as the little red bodice she used to wear, and fastened with a jet clasp at her slender waist, it fell in long sweeping folds to the ground. May had insisted also that, at least in the house, Irene's magnificent hair should be allowed to hang loose to its full length, and it was now only drawn back from her perfect face by a black velvet ribbon, from beneath which it rolled like waves of sunshine down almost to her feet.

Thus attired, she stood holding the Icon in her little white hand, her attitude bringing out all the undulating grace of her figure, and her bright beautiful face bent towards the old woman with the chiselled lips parted in a joyous smile, and the blue eyes shining like stars, in her delight.

Sydney Leigh stood completely transfixed with admiration. Not only had he never in all his life seen anything approaching to the loveliness which was now before his eyes, but even the ideal beauty existent in his own mind, which in his artist dreams he had often tried to transfer to the canvas, faded into dimness before the perfection of form and colouring which were embodied in the living, breathing woman before him. He devoured every line of the wonderful picture, scarcely daring to breathe,

lest, if he betrayed his presence, it should dissolve and melt away before his ardent gaze.

And for a moment or two Irene and her nurse examined motionless, absorbed in the contemplation of the recovered Icon, as if they had been consciously acting a *tableau vivant*. But, another instant and the spell was broken. Xanthi slightly turned her head, and her glance fell on Sydney standing immovable in the doorway. Uttering an exclamation, she rose, and Irene looking round, met for the first time the eyes of May Bathurst's future husband fixed upon her face.

Much as he regretted the breaking up of that fair picture, Sydney felt that the loss was abundantly compensated by the full revelation of Irene's beauty, which shone upon him as her radiant eyes met his. Fain would he still have remained in silence to gaze upon her, but it was necessary that he should apologise for his intrusion, and not for a moment did any doubt cross his mind that it was to a lady in every sense of the word that his excuses were due.

He advanced with the easy grace which always characterised his movements, and said, "I beg your pardon for intruding; I thought my aunt would be in her sitting-room. I trust I have not disturbed you."

"Oh no! Will you not come in? Mrs. Leigh will soon be here," said Irene, her tones of singular melody and sweetness falling upon Sydney's ear like music. He could not resist advancing a few steps into the room.

"I must not stay to inconvenience you," he said, "but I feel sure I have the pleasure of speaking to Miss Clive; and perhaps I may just ask you if you are quite recovered? I heard of your illness from Miss Bathurst."

"Thank you very much; I am quite well again now," answered Irene. "I could not be otherwise, I am sure, after all the care and kindness I received," and her beautiful eyes shone with the gratitude she felt.

"I am very certain it must have given my aunt and cousin the greatest pleasure to take care of you," said Sydney.

May was not his cousin, and he had scarcely ever called her so. Why did he do so now?

He looked down at Xanthi, whose keen black eyes were fixed upon him, and said, "This is your Athenian nurse, Miss Clive, is it not? I am quite anxious to know if I can make myself understood by her in Greek. It will be very hard if I cannot, after having toiled for so many years at school over that difficult language."

"Oh, do try!" said Irene, gleefully. "Xanthi will be so charmed if she can understand you."

Whereupon, with much care and precision, Sydney addressed the old woman in a long, high-sounding sentence in ancient Greek, uttered with the peculiar

pronunciation which is used for that language in England, and in no other country under the sun.

Xanthi listened to him with her head on one side, like a bird when its attention is attracted by some strange sound; and then looking up at Irene, asked why the gentleman was talking to her in that barbarous foreign tongue.

"He says he is talking Greek to you, Xanthi," said Irene; upon which the old woman went off into one of her fits of uncontrollable amusement, laughing so merrily that Sydney and Irene were fain to join her with gaiety equal to her own, when her speech had been translated to him.

"So much for the results of a most laborious and expensive education," said Sydney. "Well, the only thing to be done is to begin it all over again, with Xanthi for my teacher. Would she take me for a pupil, Miss Clive?"

"I dare say she would," said Irene, laughing; "she has already been teaching Miss Bathurst, who is really making wonderful progress."

"That is encouraging. I shall certainly put myself under her tuition—or yours," he added, hesitatingly; "but I must not take up any more of your time now," and very unwillingly he took a last look at the beautiful vision which had so suddenly dawned upon his sight, and left the room.

CHAPTER XXV.

Mrs. Leigh and May Bathurst had returned from their charitable errand, but not knowing that Sydney was in the house, they were sitting quietly together in the drawing-room when the door opened and he walked in. May looked up with a glad smile of welcome, but instead of responding to it by any ordinary greeting, Sydney went up to her with an expression of mock solemnity, and kneeling down upon a stool at her feet, he put his two hands together after the manner of a child who asks pardon.

May gazed at him in complete astonishment for a moment, and then burst into a peal of merry laughter.

"Why, Sydney," she exclaimed, "what can possibly be the matter with you? I never saw you even pretend to look humble in all my life before."

"Nevertheless, I am come to humiliate myself in the most abject manner before your superior intelligence. I feel bound to say that you have been entirely right and I completely wrong."

Quick-witted May jumped to a conclusion in a moment. "You have seen Irene Clive," she said, her eyes sparkling with pleasure.

"I have, and I take shame to myself for my most unjust and unjustifiable remarks respecting her."

"Oh, I am so delighted!" exclaimed May, clapping her hands; "then you quite admit now that she is a lady, on an equality with the rest of us?"

"A lady!" said Sydney, starting to his feet; "I should think so indeed! a lady every inch of her! She looks like a princess! Her grace of manner is as perfect as her beauty."

"Well, perhaps she is really a princess," said May, laughing, "for Xanthi assures me that Irene's mother was descended from the Palælogi, the old emperors of Byzantium."

"Whether that is true or not, she is of good birth and descent, you may be certain; no one could move and speak as she does who was not."

"So I felt the first evening I saw her. How strange it seems to remember that time now! It is hardly possible to believe that such a one as Irene Clive was actually singing on the public streets for money only a month ago."

Sydney made a movement of great impatience, and his fine face darkened with an angry frown.

"Considering who and what Miss Clive really is, May, I must say I think it would be more seemly if you would drop all allusion to such a painful and unnatural circumstance as connected with her."

His tone betrayed so much annoyance that May looked up surprised.

"Of course, I should not dream of alluding to it with Irene herself; but surely no such reserve is necessary when we are talking privately together."

"I think it is, for knowing her as we do now, it is not well even for ourselves to retain the recollection of anything so perfectly inconsistent with her birth and position. Do let it be dropped into utter oblivion."

"I am quite willing to do so," said May, gently.

"But tell me," continued Sydney, "why does not Miss Clive sit here with you? Do you always keep her in exile in that dull little room by herself?"

"She is not left alone," said Mrs. Leigh; "I am constantly with her there. It was only to-day I remained here for a few minutes to speak to May."

"But why should she not be here?" he persisted.

"The truth is, Sydney, it was on your account I did not ask her to sit in this room," said May, reluctantly. "You know how much you objected to my receiving her into the house at all; and you seemed so unwilling to meet her yourself."

Sydney flushed angrily. "My dear May, surely your common sense might have told you that a single glance at Miss Clive would put an end to my mistaken idea respecting her. You ought not to have allowed me to remain in it an hour longer than you could help, and I might have seen her any day for the last week, if you had thought fit to bring her here."

May gave a little sigh, and a somewhat perplexed, sorrowful expression stole over her face. It seemed to her that Irene Clive was in some strange way destined always to bring dissension between Sydney and herself, and that from the most opposite causes; but to please him was her only thought, her only desire,

and she was at all times ready to bear from him, even the unjust censure which she would have proudly resented from any one else; so she lifted her sweet eyes to his face and said meekly, "I will go and ask her to come here now if you like."

"I certainly think this is the fittest place for her to be in; but as it happens I am compelled to go now, which is very tiresome. I have an appointment with my lawyer, which I must keep, or I shall never get through all the business connected with my leaving the army. It was for this reason I came so early to-day; I wanted to tell you I should not be able to ride with you; but," he added with a slight hesitation, "I shall be here this evening."

"This evening," said Mrs. Leigh; "I thought you told us you were going to dine with Lord D—"

"I was invited, but I do not mean to go; his dinner-parties are so excessively dull. No, I shall come here, if you will have me, May."

"I think you need hardly ask that," she said, looking up with a smile. "I wonder if we could induce Irene to let you hear her sing to-night, as you are not often with us in the evening. You would be delighted with her voice."

"Perhaps she would think it too soon after her father's death," said Mrs. Leigh.

"She is so childlike and simple, I do not think the idea of any conventional periods of mourning would occur to her; and she is so sweet in wishing always to do anything she thinks will please me, that I do not suppose she will have any other thought but that in the matter."

"I hope, then, she will not refuse to grant you another favour I shall want you to ask her some day," said Sydney; "I shall never rest till I have made a portrait of her, and also of her Greek nurse, in precisely the attitudes they had assumed when I first looked into the room where they were to-day. It was a picture ready made, which only required to be transferred to the canvas; and if you can induce her to sit to me, May, you will see that I shall accomplish a painting which will be an immense success."

"I can well believe it, and I shall be so glad to have her portrait. I am sure Irene will never dream of making any objection."

"In the meantime I must go," said Sydney, "but I shall be with you without fail to-night;" and giving May a loving smile, which effaced the pain his former annoyance had caused her, he left the room and ran gaily down-stairs.

"Well, my darling," said Mrs. Leigh, smiling, "it is just as you expected: one look at sweet Irene has put Sydney's prejudices completely to flight. You will have no more trouble on that score."

"No," said May, slowly and thoughtfully; "and I am thankful for it; but it does seem a very wonderful revulsion of feeling on his part."

"Not more than the circumstances warrant," said Mrs. Leigh. "Remember that he had been calling that charming child an impostor and a pauper."

"True," said May, brightening up; "one cannot wonder that he was angry with himself, and even with me, though I hardly know what I did to annoy him," she added, laughing, "or what my particular crime was." (To be continued.)

ON CASTING THE FIRST STONE.

BY THE REV. J. B. OWEN, M.A., VICAR OF ST. JUDE'S, CHELSEA.



HERE is some doubt as to the genuineness, at least of its relative place, of the incident of our Lord's adjudication of the adulteress in John viii. Dr. Besser affirms that most of the old MSS. omit, and some insert, the anecdote at the end of Luke xxi. It is not very improbable it was received by verbal tradition from the apostles, and was inserted in the Holy Scriptures as a later addition to the evangelist. If such be the case, whoever assigned its entry in St. John's Gospel, in preference to the other three, exercised, under the Spirit of inspiration, a delicate discernment; for in it our Lord's glory is brightly revealed,—the glory of One who came into the world, not to condemn, but to save—the glory which shines forth again in the discourses which immediately succeed the narrative: "Ye judge after the flesh;

I judge no man. And yet if I judge, my judgment is true."

The woman, as Lightfoot expounds the case, was accused as an adulteress. Our Lord, in his care to fulfil all righteousness, proceeds to try the case according to the law of jealousy, as laid down in Numb. v. The tradition of the Jews was, that the woman who drank the prescribed bitter water, and also her paramour, would both die in the manner indicated, provided the husband of the culprit was himself innocent of the same deadly sin. God's law upon either paramour was more even-handed than man's. But if the husband was guilty, then the bitter water would take no effect on her; so that the trial of jealousy was equally a test of both. Our blessed Lord seems to have applied the same test in the instance of the adulteress brought before him. "You Phari-

sees," he says in effect, "accuse this woman of a sin for which your law denounces death by stoning. But your custom, where this crime is suspected, is to try the case by means of the bitter water. If only the woman be guilty, and her accusers innocent, then judgment falls upon her alone. But if her accusers be guilty of the same sin, I, as a judge, am blameless if I condemn her not. Whosoever, therefore, of you that is without sin, let him cast the first stone at her." Thus were they caught in their own net. Who would dare to cast the first stone?—not only incurring the responsibility of the wretched woman's blood, which it is obvious they little heeded, but imperilling, on the strength of their tradition, their own lives. It was that reflection which sharpened the edge of their consciences, far more than any tenderness which appeared for their victim. They thought to have entrapped the Saviour, whether he had released or condemned the unhappy woman. Had he released her, they would have imputed to him a clemency at variance with the law of Moses: had he condemned her, they would have charged him with assuming the judicial prerogative. Hence he acted in this, as in another instance—viz., he intercepted their malice by declining the function, on the ground: "Who made me a ruler or a judge over you? I am your Mediator and Advocate, not your Judge."

The wisdom, as well as mercy, with which our Lord handled this delicately painful difficulty is further illustrated by his unimpeachable mode of procedure. He does not altogether waive the inquiry, but insists upon its being conducted strictly according to law. Hence, forasmuch as, in Numb. v., the priest bent down and gathered up some of the dust off the pavement of the sanctuary, and put it in the bitter water of which the accused was to drink, and then wrote down the curses to befall her if she were proved guilty, which curses were to be blotted out if innocent, so Jesus stooped to the ground, and wrote in the dust. He wrote, probably, not her sin, which was patent enough, but the sins of which the woman's accusers were themselves guilty. The unexpected sight of this disclosure may have smitten them dumb; at least, they made no denial. He did not blot out that writing—no, for the sin was palpable on both sides. If not until after the priest had written the curses the woman could be legally put to the test of the bitter water; so when, after his writing, Christ lifted himself up to try the question, and demanded: "Woman, where are thine accusers?" one by one, conscience had driven them all away, self-condemned, from the judgment seat.

"Once," writes Bengel, in his illustrious "Gnomon"—"once, God in the Old Testament wrote the Decalogue; once, in the New Testament,

Christ wrote—as if he should say, Moses wrote the Law; I can also write—nay, the Law of Moses is my writing. You scribes write judgments against others; and I can write against you. Your sins, as Jeremiah said (xvii. 1 and 13), are 'graven in your hearts,' and 'your names written in the earth.' (What if Jesus wrote down the names of these accusers?) This, my writing, you do not now understand; but, in the time to come, what I have written shall be displayed to the whole world, when the books shall be opened, and all your crimes shall be laid bare."

Let it not be overlooked, however, that the Lord recognises the sin, for he bids her "Go, and sin no more." Nevertheless, great is his mercy. "Hath no man condemned thee? Neither do I. My heart is not harder than theirs. Your silence acknowledges your guilt: better so, than attempt to deny or hide it. Their silence has also acknowledged theirs. Had they stopped with me, as you have, I could have forgiven you all. They went away convicted: you go away converted." Blessed, and only blessed, is that conviction which issues in conversion. I cannot doubt that poor pardoned sinner was henceforth a loving follower of the Lord, who redeemed her from shame and death.

Martin Luther, extending this incident to the comfort and encouragement of all penitent believing men, thus beautifully describes the difference between the standing of men in the presence of an earthly judge, and their standing before God, the Judge of all:—"In Christ's spiritual kingdom it is not so. When thou comest there thou wilt be as I, and I as thou, although before the world we are equal. Then, if I am an adulterer, a thief, or what not, and thou art not, it does not signify. For I find in myself far higher, greater stumbling-blocks, and therefore I am in such a fright that I know not what will become of me. For in Christ's kingdom it is thus: '*He that is without sin, let him cast the first stone.*' Therefore, dear friends, spare; let the stone lie; neither will I take up one. Let it lie; and without throwing at one another, let the stone fall, and let us say: 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.'"

That is the practical suggestion for immediate application to the scope of any man's duty to every other man. Don't be too ready to stone anybody. "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? To his own master he standeth or falleth." There is a very serious responsibility involved in casting *any* stone at another man's sins; but the "first stone" is the heaviest of all. The first sets the other stones flying. But for your throw, none would have been cast by any one. If there was no first stone, there could be no second, and so there could be none at all; and

the less the better at any time. Calumny is not Christianity. If ever there seemed a case when the use of an arm of flesh against a fellow-sinner seemed justifiable, it was when Peter smote off the high priest's servant's ear who had seized the sacred person of his Lord; but the Lord himself ruled it otherwise. "Put up thy sword in the sheath: they that use the sword shall perish by the sword." Judgment without mercy, is itself to have no mercy. Stones provoke stones, and often stone others besides the stone-throwers.

First, then, let us avoid, for example, *the first stone of slander*. Detraction is a cruel and unlovely sin in the abstract, and often occasions more sin in the concrete. If a man is guilty of any particular offence, the publication of his guilt may drive him to a shamelessness and bravado which shut out reflection and repentance. If he is innocent, our poor fallen hearts are apt to be provoked to the actual commission of an offence of which we feel ourselves unjustly charged—nay, perhaps suspect we are doomed to bear the penalty. Thus, slandering is an inverted pandering. It trespasses on individual free agency. There are things which St. Paul enjoins us are "not to be so much as named among you." Scripture allows their mention to two beings only. To the supposed delinquent himself: "Tell it to thy brother, between thee and him alone, and if he hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother;" and to the ear of God—i.e., intercede for him, that he may be brought to repentance, according to the rule: "Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye who are spiritual restore such a one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted." This is "bearing one another's burdens" (not stoning one another's sins), "and so fulfilling the law of Christ."

"The first stone" has often hit hard enough to bruise a reputation and break a heart—thrown, too, from glass houses that forget the peril of reprisals. Recrimination is a rude kind of justice, in the sin of which both sides are implicated, over and above the original guilt. The tongue that casts stones betrays too much the hardness of the heart that supplied them, but exhibits none at all of His gentle expostulating spirit that sent a sinner to her tears, with the precious valediction: "Neither do I condemn thee. Go, and sin no more."

Secondly—Beware of casting *the first stone of stumbling* in a brother's way. Be jealous of your example as a professing Christian. Let those about you see Christianity in your personal temper and tone of mind, as a practical exhibitor of that charity which is not easily provoked. Let the natural "Boanerges" sink subdued into "the disciple which Jesus loved." Let them not only hear you affirm, "I am not of the world," but see

"your world crucified unto you, and you unto the world." It must be both, or it will be neither. Whenever you fall, you don't fall alone. "Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth;" but "take heed, lest by any means this liberty of yours become a stumbling-block to them that are weak." You need not yield to men's prejudices, least of all endorse such petty scrupulosities as imply religion to be a scheme of austere negations; but be tender and self-denying to their infirmities. The Gospel does not consist, like the Decalogue, in a series of "Thou shalt nots," in practice; nor in a system of meats and drinks and rituals in theory. Whatever be the staple of any other gospel, which is not another, Christ's Gospel is "righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." Be careful that neither doing nor dogma of yours turns others aside "from the simplicity that is in Christ."

Thirdly, and above all, withhold *the first stone of condemnation*. If you must emulate and ape some Divine province, play the mediator, rather than the judge. "Pray for one another," if you would have "the same mind in you that was also in Christ Jesus;" but to be ready at every turn to fling about sentences of perdition, indicates more of the stony heart than the heart of flesh. Scripture represents "mercy rejoicing over judgment;" some men's judgments seem to prefer rejoicing over mercy. There is no worse sign of what is passing in the inner man than the taking up of some favourite doctrine, which, if true, is pressed and exaggerated beyond the proportion of faith; if false, combines uncharity with heresy, and its adherents betray "the manner of spirit they are of," with far less sympathy with the song of "peace on earth, and goodwill to man," than with the bigoted cry, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" There are Dianas in doctrine, as well as Delilahs in morals. Have a care for your own sake, as well as others. Nothing hardens the heart more effectually than the habit of condemning our fellows. Such stones recoil upon the hand that casts them.

There is, fourthly, another stone men naturally like to fling—not the first, but the second—to wit, *the stone of retaliation that returns stone for stone*. The phrase, "He carried a stone in his pocket"—i.e., was for years watching and waiting an opportunity for revenge—describes a spirit which ill becomes any man; for all of us have so much to be forgiven; least of all does it befit the man who, as a professing Christian, nominally prays, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us." Our Lord's image in a parallel passage suggests the peril of rejecting the Gospel of peace, whether in this, or any other shape: "Whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken." His not denying himself, and taking

up his cross, with all its meek forgiveness of injury, its invincible charities and philanthropic hospitalities, feeding his enemy, and not, when he asks for bread, giving him a stone, abjuring these magnanimous duties and results of the faith that imitate the life of Jesus, that man shall be more injured himself than any injury in his power to retaliate. His fall on this stone shall break him; and if afterwards he neither repents nor forgives, he shall not be forgiven—"the stone shall fall upon him and grind him to powder."

Finally, charity for a sinner must not impair our sense of "the exceeding sinfulness of sin." "Go—but sin no more," was the tone of the Saviour's absolution, and should be the spirit of ours, whether applied to our own or other's trespasses. But it is not necessary to show our abhorrence of sin, to hate, expose, and despise the sinner—still less by stoning him with reproaches and sentences of perdition. You are no more able to condemn a man than to save him. You are neither his judge nor his redeemer. Yet there are men who affect to be both, according as men agree with or dissent from their religious dogmas. But, blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, that he hath committed all judgment unto Him, in whom is all our salvation. Hence, let no sinner be terrified at another sinner's condemnation; only let not the act of the usurper blind the offender's eye to the legitimate function of the Judge. He who pardons iniquity, transgression, and sin will by no means clear the guilty. If you have sinned after the similitude of the Magdalen, let her tears be also the mirror of your repentance. She loved much, because she

had been forgiven much; and thus her love of the Saviour synchronised with, and was enhanced by, her actual shame and sorrow for her sin. Seeing sin in others should quicken, not hatred of them, but hatred of the same sin in yourself. Don't hope to deceive God, as these Jews would have impressed Christ with a sense of their own virtue by their zealous invectives against vice. It never is what we say or do against others, but what we say against ourselves, that tells. St. Paul's spirit was never more truly apostolic than when he affirmed, "I am not meet to be called an apostle." Have you a good hope through grace that you are forgiven? Let the sight of every evil-doer evoke the words of the Pharisee, but in the publican's spirit: "God, I thank thee I am not as other men. Thou alone, of thy free mercy, madest me to differ." Like the men in the text, bring, if you can, the delinquent to Christ—only not as they did, to have her stoned, but to the knowledge of the truth, that she might be saved. It will be surer walking in the way of your own salvation to be saving others, instead of condemning them. Why should you be helping on the work of damnation? Leave that to the children of this world. They want no help of yours—poor souls! Your work is to save thyself, and them that hear thee. Neither make the way of life narrower, nor the road to destruction broader, than God and the world have left them. There's more of the milk of human kindness, as well as of the honey of Canaan, in the dying prayer that sighed in the midst of its stoning, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge," than in the homicidal outcry, "Away with such a fellow from the earth."

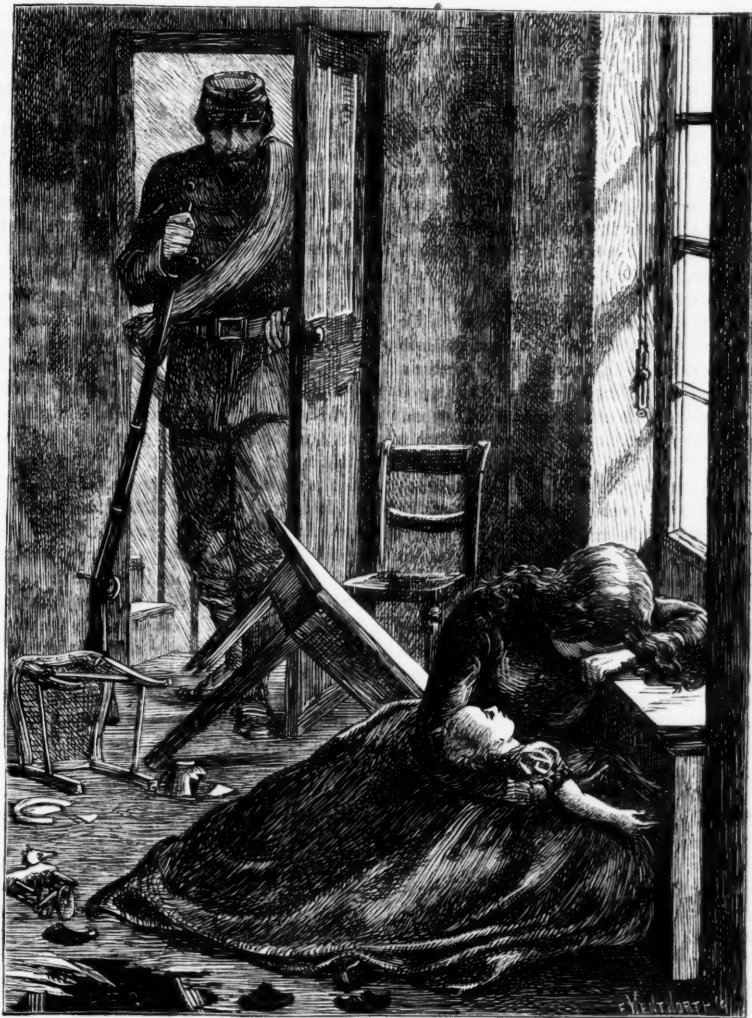
DAYS IN THE HOLY LAND.

CHAPTER VII.—NAZARETH—(continued).

BY THE REV. F. W. FARRAR, M.A., F.R.S., MASTER OF MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE, AND HON. CHAPLAIN TO THE QUEEN.

IT would have been difficult to tear ourselves away from such a scene, had it not been that we had yet to visit the town of Nazareth itself. Our descent to it was marked by a disaster. We attempted to lead our horses by a short cut down the hill, although in many places there was not even a goat-path visible. Crushing the thyme and other aromatic herbs under our feet at every step, we made our way down with some trepidation, but with tolerable success, till we got close to the first houses, many of which are built on masses of the native limestone rock. With immense difficulty I got my mare somehow down one of these huge precipitous masses—though nothing would induce me to attempt such a feat again; but,

having got there, I found myself in a sort of back-yard, and a woman vociferously assured us that in that direction there was no further possibility of descent. Whether there was or not, the other horses entirely refused to risk their necks down the same place. Sure-footed as they were, their natural instinct told them that they must draw the line somewhere, and they thought it best to draw the line at cliffs of limestone, on which they could not set a foot without danger of a tremendous fall. The only course, therefore, that remained was to entice my own steed up again, a task that seemed wholly impossible. She was, however, a gifted and extraordinarily docile little creature, and the attempt had to be made. By the most patient kindness and encouragement I got her half-way up,



(Drawn by R. E. GALINDO.)

"And the shaft that slew her babe
Broke the mother's heart in twain"—p. 587.

when Achmet, getting impatient, violently pulled the rein, and after some ineffectual struggles, down the poor creature fell in a sort of gully, with her forelegs round the stone angle of a house which jutted out in the middle of the rock, and her legs doubled up under her in the most awkward manner. Watching her piteous struggles, and seeing her more than once lay down her head on the rock, and close her eyes, apparently unable to move without breaking her legs, I thought that there was an end of her. Poor "El Hamra," or "The Chestnut," as she was called, had served me very faithfully, and had carried me all through Palestine, and I could not have got a better. It was only by dint of care, and with great difficulty, that we at last so far succeeded in extricating her from her perilous position that she was able to slide down on her side, half supported by Achmet and me, to the bottom of the rock. Once there she recovered her legs, and stood there, very little hurt, but trembling so violently in every limb that I was almost afraid to mount again. After a little patting and consoling, however, the brave little mare recovered her equanimity, and beyond several abrasions of the skin, she was not seriously hurt.

Meanwhile this mishap, which might easily have been very serious, convinced me that those critics who argue that St. Luke must have made a mistake when he says that the Nazarenes strove to hurl our Lord down "from the brow of the hill on which their city was built," cannot themselves have examined the locality. The huge projecting mass of rock down which my horse slipped was only one of many; and if we allow something for the gradual accumulation of debris, and the gradual ascent of the houses up the hill-side, it is easy to choose half-a-dozen places down which a person could have been hurled with imminent danger of his life; half-a-dozen places, certainly, where a fall would be immensely more disastrous than a fall would be from the famous Tarpeian rock, as it now is, beside the Capitol of Rome. In order to hurl our Saviour down, it was only necessary for the men of Nazareth to drag him with them up an ascent of some four hundred feet above the synagogue. The hill-side to which the town clings is in fact the real Mount of Precipitation, and the mountain which has received that name, which is three miles distant, has no claim whatever to be the true locality.

As no human power could get my little Arab mare to attempt climbing the rock again, and as the other horses were equally resolute in their refusal to get down it, the only way was for them to make a détour, and for me to await them, and meet them where best I could. Somehow or other, not without difficulty, I got the horse into one of the lanes of the town, though, as the

woman had rightly said, there was no proper path; and then, in the attempt to meet my companions who were neither visible nor audible, I wandered into all sorts of *culs de sac*, and some of the obscurest nooks in Nazareth. I was not sorry for the delay, since it enabled me to see something of the place at my leisure, and to get a peep into some of the peasant cottages by asking the inhabitants for water. It was Easter-time, and the town and its population were in holiday trim. Some travellers have said that the narrow lanes of Nazareth are exceptionally filthy; certainly on this occasion this was not the case. On the contrary, I should have pronounced it far cleaner than Jerusalem or Joppa, and quite as clean as Bethlehem. The day seemed to be a general holiday. The sound of bells from the church and convent, mingled with the gay mirthful hum which rose from every quarter of the town. Whether the cottages had recently been cleaned up or not in honour of Easter, I cannot say, but certainly they looked to me purer, sweeter, brighter, more home-like than any I had seen in Syria. There was something delightful, too, in the free beautiful independent aspect and bearing of the people. They are famed for their personal beauty, especially the women; as is the case also with the women of Bethlehem. This beauty is attributed to the special gift and grace of the Virgin to them; but it is sufficiently accounted for by the very different and far nobler position held by the Christian woman as compared with her Moslem sister. Nowhere was I more struck with the beauty of the children than I was both at Nazareth and at Bethlehem. They were all bent on play. Many groups of laughing girls were swinging each other in the little gardens and enclosures on swings attached to the boughs of fig-trees. All the children seemed to be dressed in their brightest colours, looking like parterres of the gayest flowers in their red caftans, yellow slippers, and shawls of every hue tied round the waist of their under vestments, which were generally of silk embroidered with long strips of green or crimson. It would have been a touching and lovely scene anywhere: it was more than ever so here. As we looked on the happy groups, it was impossible not to remember that thus our Saviour must have looked and played when he, too, was one of the children of Nazareth.

Near the great gate of the Franciscan convent I met my companions, and leaving the horses to be held by some Moslem boys—for Achmet always favours his own co-religionists—we entered the rough quadrangle. The buildings are of the simplest, most unpretending, most prosaic character; but in the centre of the quadrangle is the deep convent-well, with its sides overgrown with maiden-hair. Here we sat and rested, until one of the monks came to us. He showed us the usual sites: the

conventional Holy Places—the chapel, the kitchen of Mary, the pillar which is supposed to have been hewn through, and the roof which was afterwards supported by miracle, and so on. All these have marvellously little interest for me; but it is impossible not to regard with something of emotion the famous white cross-centred slab of marble which marks the spot where the Virgin is asserted to have been standing at the moment of the Annunciation—that white stone with scores of silver lamps, always lighted, hanging over and around it, and which so many myriads of pilgrims from every quarter of the globe have devoutly stooped to kiss—the stone immortalised by its simple inscription: “Hic Verbum caro factum est” (Here the Word was made flesh).

After having gazed our fill at all which the Convent of Nazareth has to show, we rode down to the Virgin's Fountain—a copious spring where the beautiful women of Nazareth assemble to draw water, as beyond all doubt they must have done ever since Nazareth was a town at all. According to a very early tradition—accepted by the Greek Church, and found in one of the apocryphal gospels—it was while she was drawing water at this fountain that the Virgin received the angel's message; and here accordingly is the little Greek Church of the Annunciation. The women were assembled there in numbers when we got to the place, and many of the village boys, on the green grass and the lower slopes of the hill, were playing at a curious game of ball. Some of the boys and women drew water for us and for our horses,

and one of the boys—let us hope a little Moslem, not a little Christian—stole the bridle of one of our horses. From the fountain we turned aside, away from the crowd, into a little garden close by, called the Virgin's Garden, but now the property of a Mahomedan friend of Achmet's. Achmet spread our carpet on the grass under the dense leaves of a fine fig-tree, which entirely excluded the burning heat; and there we refreshed ourselves with cold fowl, and hard eggs, and water from the Virgin's Fountain, and dates and oranges and figs. When we had finished our lunch, Achmet, who never begins till we have ended, invited some of his Mahomedan friends to regale themselves on what remained. It would have been delightful to lie at ease a little longer under those pomegranates in full flower, inhaling the delicious fragrance of the orange blossoms that scented all the air, listening to the twittering of countless birds that rustle through the foliage, and watching the bees from a large bee-hive hard by busily at work in all that blossoming umbrageous place; but I liked better to utilise the time, and while Achmet and his improvised party were thoroughly enjoying themselves, I got one of the native boys, who was apparently admiring his own reflection in the still water of a tank, to show me into some of the humbler houses. Under his guidance I visited four or five of them, and hurrying back found that my companions had already left the pleasant shade for the glaring sunlight, and were preparing to ride away from the Virgin's Garden and the Virgin's Fount.

THE MESSAGE.

“**M**ELL Lisette,” he murmured low,
To the comrade at his side,
While his life was ebbing fast,
“How for bonny France I died.”

“Tell her, Victor, how I fell—
In the thickest of the fray;
Say my last thoughts were of her,
And the dear home far away.”

“Take this ribbon from my breast,
’Twas the marshal placed it there;
Let her keep it for my sake,
With this lock of baby's hair.”

Now, farewell, my comrade dear;
Hark! the bugle sounds—away!”
Thus he died for bonny France,
As so many died that day.

And the comrade came at dawn
With the message from the dead,
With the ribbon from the breast,
And the fair lock from the head;

But a messenger had been,
In the darkness and the gloom,
Ere the eye of morning shone
In the widow's humble room.

And the shaft that slew her babe
Broke the mother's heart in twain;
And she knew not that her love
Lay among the gallant slain.

But the ribbon and the lock
Which the dying soldier gave—
Ah! she keeps them for his sake
In the darkness of the grave.

MATTHIAS BAER.

THE TROUBLES OF CHATTY AND MOLLY.

CHAPTER II.

WHO was Molly? and why was Chatty so sure of securing her? Some of Chatty's own history will answer.

Until three years previously the Deenes had resided at Welling. Living out of town cost less, so they made a rather better appearance than now, and saw a little more society. The son of an old friend of Mr. Deene's was a cadet at Woolwich at that time—a tall, awkward young man of two or three and twenty; for he had entered the Military Academy later than is usual. During the last year of the Deenes' stay at Welling he had completed his studies and was waiting for his commission in the Artillery. He had tried to get one in the Engineers, but Chatty always said he looked like a "great awkward artilleryman," and hoped he would become one, and he did. He went very often to the Deenes', and, though they did not suspect it very particularly, to see Chatty, and somehow it became a natural thing for them to take long walks in the summer evenings during the last year of their stay at Welling. Kent is celebrated for its strawberry-gardens and its cherries, and Chatty and the young soldier had a weakness for fruit, and would often walk over to Bexley Heath to Molly's mother, who kept a fruit-garden, and having amused themselves by eating strawberries in the summer-house, they would come away laughing at their own greediness, and laden with sweet-smelling flowers from Mrs. Wilson's garden.

That was how they first knew Molly. She was a little round-faced, sun-burnt girl, with a turn-up nose and small white teeth. She gathered fruit and picked pease, and helped her mother in the laundry; for Mrs. Wilson was a widow, and the garden was not sufficient to support her, and the two daughters she had at service spent all their wages in dress. Molly had always a bright look for George Baylis and Chatty Deene, and gathered the largest strawberries for their delectation in the summer-house, and the freshest flowers for them to carry away. Very particularly, too, did Chatty like the "great awkward artilleryman," whom she always persisted in calling the "Captain," at which he, laughing, would tell her she should marry a corporal. So the acquaintance began, and from that time the Deenes dealt with Mrs. Wilson, and Molly went very often to their house with vegetables and fruit from the garden.

Then there came a time when Chatty had low fever and kept to her room for weeks, and Molly, hearing of it, went often to see her. She had grown to be fond of the boy and girl—for after all they were little more—who had strolled so often merrily into the summer-house; and during the latter's illness she trudged to Welling nearly every day, her

face looking anxious, with fresh fruit or flowers for the patient. So there was a bond, almost of friendship, between the two; and Chatty, who thought it a fine thing to talk of the necessity of education, though she did not in the least understand what she meant, taught Molly to read.

Just before the Deenes left Welling, George Baylis, who had received his commission, was ordered to Canada; and Chatty did not know, as he told them of his departure in a careless tone, but with a face he could not make other than grave, that his hardest leave-taking would be of herself. She was only sixteen, and there had never been any love-making between them, but somehow they had always paired off together, and read the same books, and had little interests in common, and yet she was not one bit in love with him, and did not for a moment think he cared for her, until, perhaps, the evening before he left.

They took one last walk together, and talked of all they would do when he returned. They were not to write, "letters are such a plague," said Chatty, "and one never knows what to say to people abroad, and never catches the mails."

"You won't forget me, though, will you?" he asked.

"Why, no," she answered; "now, do I look as if my memory would suddenly fail me? naturally it's not at all bad."

"Chatty," he said, "I shall look you up directly I come back, and that will be as soon as I can, and you will think of me now and then, won't you?"

"I have told you I will, three times already," she answered, "and of course I will."

"Look here, wear this till I come back," and he unhooked a little locket he always wore at the end of his chain; "will you?"

"Yes," she said, just a little chokingly, and he went. And Chatty felt sorry, and looked at the locket very often, just for the sake of friendship, she said, and tied it round her neck, and wore it always, and somehow it never occurred to her to tell any one she possessed it.

When the Deenes moved to London they lost sight of the people they had known at Welling, or did not care to keep up the connection, and soon after they were settled in town, Harold Greyson began to visit at the house. He was a remarkably fascinating man, with good manners and plenty of agreeable small talk, and so, though she never once left off wearing his locket, Chatty forgot the artilleryman, and thinking it very probable that he had forgotten her, entered not unwillingly into the flirtation Harold Greyson was so ready to begin, and ended by falling in love with him. She never once saw that his refinement was all contained in his

manners and bearing, that innately he had none, and never once recognised in him the easy, gentlemanly, hollow, self-loving, society-seeking butterfly he was, in spite of his tenor voice and pathetic songs, and well-turned speeches, and the slight stoop of the tall figure, which had none of poor George Baylis's awkwardness.

He had been engaged to half-a-dozen girls; "it was a way he had," the Irrepressible observed, not quite only for the sake of making himself agreeable, and to gratify his vanity, but because, as he once said very truly of himself, "he had a great deal of sentiment, but very little real feeling," and so for a time he was half in love with the girls, and went so far in his flirtations, that he had not the positive moral courage to draw back when his own better self should have made him do so. Afterwards, when the time came for those definite arrangements which must ultimately follow an engagement, he had generally grown sufficiently tired of his toy to be reckless, or the scruples of parents, who are not often

too ready to receive penniless sons-in-law, however fascinating their manners, gave him some convenient loophole for escape. He visited in all grades of society; it is the peculiarity of men of his position that they do, and so one evening he might have been seen looking the exquisite in a fashionable drawing-room, and the next quietly helping Chatty Deene to make tea at St. John's Wood.

It was three years after they had left Welling, and since she had said good-bye to George Baylis, that Chatty longed for a birthday-party, and the one grand feeling that prompted her was that she felt matters had reached such a crisis between herself and Harold Greyson that they must soon be settled one way or the other. With a feverish fear, the girl awaited the result—too much in love to care for the objections her parents might raise, and which she knew would be raised, too much fascinated to see any of the faults which at another time her own quick perceptions would have detected immediately.

(To be continued.)

TO THEE.

DEAR mother, in the happy reckless hour
Of infancy,

I loved my young affection to outpour
To none like thee.

Sweet mother—years since laid to rest—
No longer pillowed on thy breast,
My childish prayer can be addressed
As at thy knee.

Dearer than parent, sister, brother, far,
One form I see;

In youth's wild hours I looked, my life's one star,
In love to thee.

I never dreamed time could estrange,
Yet thou, alas! hast learnt to change—
No longer must my love-thoughts range
One step towards thee.

Yet still above my lonely pathway, One
Unchanged I see—

I look to no faint star—my life's bright Sun,
I look to Thee!

Father, Thy care is ne'er forgot;
Brother, Thou pitiest my lot;
Spirit of Love that changeth not,

I look to Thee!

C. M. D.

EMMA HENLEY'S DISCONTENT.



EMMA HENLEY was ten years old. She was strong and healthy, and she had a kind papa and mamma, who did all they could to make her happy.

They were not rich people; they had no carriages and horses, nor did they live in a grand house, but Emma's home was a pretty little parsonage surrounded by a lovely garden, and who wants to run about in a garden on anything but their own legs? Emma's own room was almost like a fairy bower. Climbing roses, honeysuckle, and a vine grew up round the window, so that when summer came she had only to put her hand out and gather either a charming nosegay or a bunch of grapes. Her little bed was hung with white dimity, the walls were gay with many-coloured pictures, and best of all there was a little brookcase made of black oak, which

shone like a looking-glass, and which contained all Emma's favourite books. Surely if ever there was a happy little girl in the world, Emma Henley was one.

Yet, as she sits down to breakfast, her face is not that of a happy child. Before her is a large basin full of bread-and-milk. The bread was home-made, sweet and good as it could be, and the milk came from their own pretty Alderney, so no one could have a better breakfast. But Emma did not think so, and scarcely a day passed in which she did not grumble because her mamma would not allow her to have tea instead. This morning, as she took her seat, she said, "I am sure, mamma, if I ever have a little girl of my own, I will not force her to eat bread-and-milk; it makes me quite sick." As she said this she folded her hands and was just beginning to

say the grace she had been taught to use before every meal, when her papa looked up, and said—

"Stop, Emma, what are you going to do?"

"To say grace, papa," said Emma, sulkily.

"And what words do you use?"

"For what I am going to receive, may the Lord make me truly thankful." You know it quite well, papa," said Emma, who did not understand what all this questioning meant.

"And," said Mr. Henley, very gravely, "will you really dare to ask God to make you *truly thankful* for food which you would not give to your own child if you had one, because you say it makes you sick?"

Emma looked ashamed, and as if she did not know what to do.

"Eat up your breakfast," said her papa, "but I will not allow you to say grace whilst your heart is full of ingratitude."

Emma did not often hear her papa speak in this manner, and without another word she ate what was before her, and went into the study to prepare her lessons. Instead of setting to her task in good earnest, and getting it done at once, she began to draw on her slate, and wasted her time till at last even her mamma lost patience with her, and told her that instead of one sum she must do three; so dinner-time came and Emma had not had even one run round the garden.

Dinner consisted of Irish-stew and rice-pudding. Everything was plainly, but well cooked. Mr. and Mrs. Henley made no complaint, and indeed the meal was fit for any one to eat. But it seemed that Irish-stew and rice-pudding suited Emma no better than bread-and-milk had done, for she looked disdainfully at the food before her and said, "I only want a very little," eating it when she was helped as if each mouthful would choke her. Remembering, however, the reproof she had received from her papa in the morning, she did not dare to make any remark. But though a child may not open its lips, it can by its manner show very plainly what it feels, and Mrs. Henley had no difficulty in reading what Emma thought of her dinner.

"Emma," she said, "I am indeed grieved to see how discontented you are, though you have every comfort a child need wish for. If you could for one day be a poor man's daughter, I think you would see how really wicked your behaviour is. Now run into the garden till I am ready to give you a sewing-lesson."

Emma put on her large straw hat and went to work in her little garden. With her papa's help she had made her small plot of ground both useful and pretty. It was a three-cornered bed, near enough to the holly hedge to be protected from the wind, but not so close as to keep the sun from her flowers. It was bordered all round with double daisies, red and white alternately. Half of it she called her kitchen-garden, and the rest was her pleasure-ground.

Lettuces and radishes grew side by side, and in one corner was a large E. H. of mustard-and-cress, so that Emma had often the pleasure of offering her papa and mamma a salad of her own growing. Her flower garden was always gay; in spring she had crocuses, hyacinths, and tulips; in summer, roses and carnations; and in autumn, China asters and chrysanthemums; a fortunate little gardener was Emma!

She was just going to rake over the flower-garden, when she heard the sound of wheels in the lane, and, dropping her rake, she ran to the hedge which separated the parsonage garden from the high road, and peeped through to see who was coming. Presently a pony-carriage came in sight, drawn by two small grey ponies, and driven by a little girl not much older than Emma herself. It was Josephine Leyton, the daughter of Sir William Leyton, who lived at the Grange.

"Ah!" thought Emma, "if only we were rich enough to keep a carriage, and I could go driving myself about; but instead of that I never have any pleasures but just working in my garden, or taking a walk with papa and mamma."

And again the look of sullen discontent came over Emma's face, and her pretty little garden seemed to have lost all its charms. She sauntered idly about till she heard her mamma's voice calling her to come in for her sewing-lesson. When Emma chose, she could sew very neatly, and often helped her mamma in making clothes for the poor; but to-day, although there was a pretty print frock to be cut out for Mrs. Williams's last baby, Emma did not seem to care about her work, and all the time she was sitting with her needle in her hand, she was thinking, "How much happier Josephine Leyton is than other children, for she can go driving about wherever she likes, and she need never trouble herself with sums and sewing-lessons." Just as she was folding up her work, her papa came in from his parish where he had been paying some visits.

"I met little Josephine Leyton," said he, "as I was walking across the moor; poor child, I felt so sorry for her, she looked so white and ill."

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Henley, "my heart aches for that poor child, when I think she can never enjoy life as others do."

"I saw her go past," said Emma, in "that beautiful little carriage, and I wished I could go driving about too."

"Emma," said Mr. Henley, "do you mean to say you were envying that little girl her carriage, when you heard her mother say last week that the doctors feared she would never be able to walk again, and that she was hardly ever out of pain? I can scarcely believe my little daughter is becoming not only discontented, but envious too."

Emma made no reply, and both her papa and mamma looked sadly grieved.

At last bed-time came, and Emma knelt down to

pray—no, not to pray, to-night she only said her prayers, and that is quite another thing. Her lips thanked God for life, for health, for food, for clothing, but in her heart she was saying, "What a disagreeable day I have had, and to-morrow will be just like it, there is nothing pleasant for me." She rose from her knees and got into bed. The moon was shining softly into the room, and the stars peeped down, "each from its golden throne," as if they were keeping watch over the child; but Emma's eyes could see no beauty, and as she just glanced up at the sky she felt nothing of its glory, for the only thought in her mind was of her own fancied hardships.

All at once the room seemed to be changed, and she found herself in a poor, very poor street in a town. Strange to say, she did not feel surprised, though everything in her life was altered. She was no longer Emma Henley, but Jane Smith, and her father and mother were not the clergyman and his wife, but people so poor that they could only just keep out of the workhouse. Their home consisted of but one room, which served for kitchen, bedroom, and parlour. The window was a small one, and did not even let in its fair share of light, for at least half the panes were broken, and had been replaced by brown paper, which kept out wind and sun at the same time. The floor was not really dirty, for Mrs. Smith did her best to keep it clean, but the boards were old and looked black and dismal. In one corner was a heap of rags, on which lay a child very ill. Its age might have been two or three years, but its face was so pinched and worn it looked more like a very little old man. Its mother was bending over it, trying to hush its feeble cries; turning to Emma, she said sharply, "Come, Jane, be quick, get the room swept up before the doctor comes."

Emma Henley had never swept a room up in her life, but Jane Smith had been accustomed to it and managed it tolerably well, though whilst she brushed away industriously she felt as if she had not always been used to this kind of work. She was just going to put on a bit of coal to the wretched little fire which glimmered in the grate, when her mother called out, "Whatever has come over you, Jane, don't you know we've got no coal left but that bit, and your father away seeking work? one might think you were a rich body's child, and got your coals by the load whenever you wanted them. Go out into the yard and fetch some water in."

Emma put down the coal, shivered, and taking up a jug without a handle, went down-stairs. It was a bitter cold day, and Jane Smith would have been thankful for the very shabbiest of Emma Henley's frocks, for she had but a few rags on, and no shoes to keep her bare feet from the stones. Her hands were so benumbed she could with difficulty hold the jug, but at last she got the water and crept slowly up again.

"Why, what a time you've been," said Mrs. Smith;

"that's the worst of you, one never knows when one gets you back again. There, get your breakfast."

She looked about and saw that "breakfast" was a very small and extremely dry crust of bread, with a cup of pale flavourless tea, without either milk or sugar. "Have you had any, mother?" she said.

"No, eat away, it's nothing to divide."

The bread was coarse, the tea almost undrinkable, but Jane seemed to feel that complaints were useless here, and she took her breakfast in silence.

As she was putting the cup and saucer back on the shelf, the doctor walked in to see the child, which was still crying. He examined it carefully, felt over its little wasted limbs, put his ear to its little chest, and made it put out its mite of a tongue. Then he shook his head, and taking up his hat, said, "I'm afraid it's a very bad case, and yet there's no disease. This child only wanted good air and proper food."

"Indeed, sir," said the poor mother, tearfully; "I've done the best I could for it. Jane and me have lived on tea and dry bread, but you can't get a drop of good milk hereabouts, it's all such poor stuff."

"Yes, yes," said the doctor, "I dare say you've done your best, but it's very sad, for if this little fellow could have lived in the country, where he could have run about all day, and had plenty of bread and milk, he would have been strong now. I'll give you an order for some cod-liver-oil, but I fear it's too late." And the doctor went away to see more poor babies dying from want of good air and good food, and little Bobby wailed on, and his mother walked up and down with him in her arms, trying in vain to comfort him.

When night came, Jane's mother pointed to another heap of rags and bade her "go to bed." Tired and weary, she lay down, and was just falling asleep, when she was roused up by hearing her mother call out, "Oh, Bobby, my darling! are you going?" and starting up she saw the baby lying quite still. He was not crying now, not a single moan escaped him, yet somehow his stillness struck Jane as being even sadder than were his groans. He would never cry again, he was dead, and he had died, as the doctor had said, only for want of good food and good air.

"My poor lamb," said the mother, "if I had only been a bit richer you needn't have left me."

Jane ran to call a neighbour, who came in and helped to do all that remained to be done for poor starved Bobby, and as the two women talked together, Jane felt as if every word they said was a rebuke she could never forget.

"Ay, ay," said Mrs. Smith, "I got the parish doctor in to see him this morning, but he said I might get some cod-liver-oil for him, though it wasn't medicine the child wanted, but bread-and-milk and good air, and even with that he feared 'twould be too late."

"Yes," said the neighbours, "it does seem as if

some folks' babies are born to bread-and-milk, and some to a crust and cold water. Gentlefolks' children have a fine time of it, but *I wonder if they have thankful hearts.*"

At this the little girl, who was listening attentively, burst into tears and sobbed bitterly. Her old life in the country parsonage seemed to come before her like a picture, and she knew well that she had had no thankful heart, whilst to her had been given bread-and-milk and good air, and a thousand other blessings of which poor Bobby never dreamt. She tried to say, "Pray God forgive me, and make me a better girl," and at that moment she found herself back in her own little bed, with the sun streaming in and the birds singing, and her mamma standing by the bedside.

"Where am I?" said she, sitting up and looking round.

"Why, at home, of course, where else could you be?"

"Yes, but where is home? and who am I?" said Emma, rubbing her eyes. "Am I still Jane Smith, or am I Emma Henley again? And, oh, is Bobby dead, or may I give him some of my bread-and-milk?"

It was some little time before Emma could be convinced that she had been dreaming, and had not really suffered cold and hunger, nor seen a little brother die for want of food; but when she told her mamma of all the strange things which had happened to her whilst she slept, she added, "Dear mamma, I am so ashamed of myself, but I will try never to be so naughty again."

Emma kept her word, she never forgot her dream, and no one ever again called her a discontented child.

C. MILLER.

BUZ, BUZ.

BY W. C. BENNETT, AUTHOR OF "BABY MAY."

BUZ, buz, little black fly;
No, to hurt you, I'll not try;
Dolly and I will love you too;
You'll love me, and I'll love you.
Don't you come to Dolly's face, please;
Don't you tickle my nose and tease;
Dolly will love you then, and I
Never will hurt you, little black fly.

Fly, fly, there now you stand,
And I could catch you with my hand;
On the window-pane, stand or run,
You can't get through out to the sun.
It looks as if you could, I know;

Yet, you silly, you can't do so;
If you were a little girl, you'd not try;
I'll throw up the window for you, fly.

Don't go yet, you dearest of things;
Dolly is seeing you wash your wings;
Dolly is washed and sometimes cries;
You wash yourself, you best of flies;
Do that again, black fly, we beg;
Comb your hair with your small black leg;
So, you are going; well, good-bye;
Come again, soon please, dear black fly.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

178. In the Bible we read of only six persons whose names are given before their birth?

179. When and by whom was Samuel asked to appoint a king over Israel?

180. Is the scene of the offering up of Isaac elsewhere alluded to by name in Scripture history?

181. What events are stated in the book of Numbers to have been specifically recorded in "The Book of the Wars of the Lord?"

182. In a book written later than the Pentateuch we find a statement relating to the call of Abram while in Ur of the Chaldees.

183. The account of the destruction of Sodom in Genesis contains a peculiar phrase, the recurrence of which in Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Amos shows that the very words of the Mosaic account were before them.

184. What was the action by which King Asa first incurred a prophet's rebuke?

185. One word in the Decalogue, as given in Deuteronomy, which does not appear in Exodus, indicates the approach of the Israelites to the Promised Land. Give it.

186. The literal fulfilment of the prophecy, "I will multiply thy seed as the stars of heaven," is shown in after history. Where?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 560.

167. 2 Peter i. 21. "Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."

168. "The Holy One of Israel."

169. Isa. v. 13. "My people are gone into captivity, because they have no knowledge."

170. Isa. lxi. 1. "He hath ANOINTED me;" Christ meaning anointed.

171. See Deut. xxxi. 10, 11. Josiah causes the book to be read in a solemn assembly (2 Kings xxiii. 2).